

New Directions

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Poems

Editorial Staff

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The Making of Staff Poems

shrapnel like
characters
imploding (mostly in
slow motion) after
the initial creative
explosions

to construct rather than
destruct a character-
ized whole

pre-word maneuvers
(butterfly flittings) of
c-h-a-r-a-c-t-e-r-s
and charac-t-e-r-s
to concretize a
thought

character hook ups
which bang together as
coupling trains
or the raw gooy glued
beginnings
cellular connectors
water drop touching water
drop
SMMmaaack a passionate
kiss no less

wordless shadings or
shade combinations of no
known word or
language

the before word
initially it might be
scalinkacooks
to sca
to sclas
into scale
the finished word
fused with easy-going
permanency
but it could have
been another more electric
word right up front
a crowd pleaser
take the verb hate

Robert Bowie
College Park, Md.

conjure up an image

conjure up
an image
of life
without purpose
trees without leaves
gardens without flowers
no sounds
to be heard
in the rustle
of pine needles
the beat
of bird's wing
or
the howls
of roving wolves
in silent concert
to a dead shell
who recognizes
no seasons
even when
the sky speaks
and
the air whispers
of autumn colors
and
winter snow.

Janet R. Griffin
Howard University

Ongoing Fragrances Halt The Whispers of My Mind

Yesterday the dreams of a youth
Today the sorrow of yesterday
Tomorrow rainbows high in the sky
Leading to the future

Why wait for tomorrow
Let's do it today
Why decry yesterday
When we still have today — and
tomorrow

Dreams tumble silently
Along the tracks of time
And reflect elegantly
Within our mind
The reality seldom matches

But we are the author of our lives
We create the mind machine which
dictates our vibes
Spring forth the dawn of your new day
Melding yesterday today and tomorrow
as one

LarSi Claiborne
Washington, D.C.

NEW DIRECTIONS

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